





[From the New England Galaxy.]

**IN JAIL AT LAST.—BY AN IMPROVISED.**  
MR. EDITOR.—The following is not a dream, though it may seem like one. It is a train of reflections into which I once fell in my young days, when imprisonment for debt was the fashion, on finding myself under the charge of Mr. Babbalanja at the Leverett street Manu, at the suit of my sister, whose shop I had visited far too often, and whose shelves had shined forth for my person probably ten times where once would have been all-sufficient. But to the subject.—It please you read.

Yes, here I am in jail at last! safe from harm and 's care of duns. The time which I have from childhood dreaded, and trusted I should never see, is now come, and in this place I must abide for thirty days at least. As it must be, so be it; I shall certainly be freed of the trouble of providing for the morrow, or even for the present, now. Time will wear on as it has done for the last twelve hours, and if my parents do not hear of my degradation, I shall be easy—yes, and happy too, if I can.

The world will not know, but I am employed in the most honorable occupation possible; and if the world do not know, what care I for this exclusion from that strange paradox, society, I shall have time and season for reflection, which I have never had before.—I shall be able to look back on years spent and to contrive means to eke out those yet to come. I will consider whether it was not (alas! I think it was so) from a habit of indolence and procrastination, added to indifference in the getting of this world's substance in early life, that I am not at this moment, instead of being in this place, a husband, at home, in a house of my own, cheered by the smiles of a wife, all capable to make any man happy, provided he is not too abject a slave to indolence to enjoy and well appreciate the society and good feelings of a woman. Miss—was she a woman, and now I think of it, it must have been my rival's devotion to business, that won him a bride. Yes, it must have been so. Miss—'s father was a man ever with a thought for the morrow, and Miss—too, probably thought that there was little happiness in poverty. Well, I believe she was right; for I confess, I find but little in myself. Heigho! I wish I was rich—no, I might be—no, but then it requires so much exertion—if I were to think of getting rich, why I should be obliged to forego theatricals, forget the way to taverns, be deprived of my charming morning nap, and be dunned for my riding bills—for if I economize, I must stop riding, and if I stop riding, John will want his bill paid. Oh, it will not do; I must drive his grey tandem this morning, that is certain,—but hold, where am I—in jail? Yes, that is certain, for here is Erebus with my dinner—let me see—what is this—beef?—No, but what is intended as beef, and this liquor is not cider, but skilley, the liquor the beef was boiled in, thickened by some Indian meal having been shook at it—faugh—I cannot eat it—cannot—and yet I must—must? Yes, true enough, I must, and for twenty-nine days longer! Ah, I would I were rich—I think I should rather give up the theatre and taverns than to be here. And yet if I were out, what better were it?—I should hardly find employment adequate to my means to accomplish, or remuneration for my ability to do. I have lived too long in one course of life not to have acquired a name, and that name is no good to me. I am called by all good men, a lazy fellow, and they will not therefore employ me. So much the better—I will profit by my degradation—I will by exertion at once gratify my pride, and convince the world that I can, that I am able, and that I will do something—I will yet be my own man, and ten years hence shall find me the owner of a tolerable competence.

These were the reflections that occupied me during my confinement. At my discharge, I commenced taking care of the pennies, fully believing with Franklin, that the pennies were taken care of, the dollars would take care of themselves. Believing also, that there was more to be saved in saving as in earning, I in less than a year found myself clear of debt. Another year of rigid economy and untiring industry, found me the possessor of a few hundred dollars, and the goal of my wishes of many influential men, one of whom, pleased with my regular habits, engaged me in the house of which he was a partner, as clerk. Two years' service for them so well satisfied the firm of my uprightness and attention to business, that overtures were made to me to join the firm, and I did so with but a small share of the profits, in which situation I continued for three years, at the end of which I became an equal partner. We have been lucky in business, and though the ten years have not expired, I can count my thousands, and am about with the good will of all, and the satisfaction that I shall not "bring down the grey hairs of my parents with sorrow to the grave."

**EXTRAORDINARY LIBERALITY.**—Mr. Wm. Turpin, a native of Providence, R. I. died recently in New York city. He was worth about \$500,000, and left \$50,000 to his colored coachman. Other numerous legacies were left by him, among which are: To Arthur Tappan, and Israel Corse, in trust, 200 shares in the Mechanics' Bank, to be transferred by them to such society or institution as, in their opinion, "will best promote the education and welfare of the descendants of Africa." To Peter A. Jay, Thomas Hall, and Charles Collins, 100 shares in the Mechanics' Bank, to be transferred to the N. Y. Society for the manumission of slaves, for the benefit of the African Free School. To Wm. L. Garrison \$500. To Theodore Dwight, editor of the New York Daily Advertiser, \$1,000.

**GENEROUS WOMEN.**—Was again disappointed in the charms of the Genoese women, of whom we saw shoals this evening; yesterday we met a very charming specimen, with the prettiest tripping gait imaginable; in general they have a kind of bold beauty that might be vulgar but for its paleness. Perhaps the women of Italy generally speaking are less soft than expressive, but they are often magnificent, and the men, too, sometimes; amongst the pleasant ones frequently meets with heads from which a sculptor might model his youthful Sauls or Davids. The St. John of the Tribune is fine, but we saw a boy at Fondi incomparably finer—and in the same way quite. The Genoese females "dedicate their beauty to the sun," and run about without any other covering on the head than their white veils, which leave the face quite exposed; yet their pale complexions are soft and unshrivelled, they have a bold and conscious air, mixed up with a certain gracefulness of deportment; their step is assured without being masculine, and the full skirt petticoat displays to advantage sometimes a well turned ankle, and always a becoming shoe.

**"THAT ACCOUNTS FOR IT."**  
After the anniversary, in Cincinnati, a number of clergymen and private Christians enter a steam boat going to —. After a short time, a pilot is observed to the chamber-maid, that they wish to have a prayer-meeting in the cabin, and requested her to prepare the room for it. The maid replied, I suppose there are ministers on board then. Yes, replied the lady, there are several. That accounts for it, said the maid. Our captain, said she, told the steward this morning not to bring the brandy bottles upon the dinner table to-day, and I did not know the reason before. When you see whiskey sellers and drinkers, hiding their bottles and glasses, and appearing friendly to temperance and good order, if there be some few known temperance men present, that accounts for it. If there are two hundred licensed groggeries in a city, and you know there are many men who will manufacture and vend whiskey, for sake of gain, although it ruins millions for time and eternity, that accounts for it.—*Cin. Jour.*

**COVERTS MAX.**—A covetous wretch turned his efforts into gold, melted the gold, and buried it in the ground. He was traced visiting it every morning, and betwixt visits it was carried off every ounce.

In anguish and despair, he was accosted by a neighbor in the following words:—Why all this rage? A man cannot be said to lose what he never enjoyed; and if the bare possession be sufficient, it is but supposing the gold there, and all is well again.

## ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1835.

### A DUEL AT WASHINGTON.

Mr. Jones. Good morning, neighbor Smith, what's the news?—any thing moving at Washington?

Mr. Smith. Why, yes, friend Jones,—no—that is, one thing, have been moving.

Mr. J. Well, what?

Mr. S. Bullets.

Mr. J. Ah! you don't mean that any man has been murdered?

Mr. S. Not exactly; but I mean, there has been an "affair of honor" recently.

Mr. J. Now I comprehend. You should have said "an affair of dishonor." But give us the facts.

Mr. S. Well, on the 22d of last month, at 11 o'clock, a duel occurred between Mr. Wise, a member of Congress from Virginia, and his predecessor, Mr. Coke. The latter was shot in the arm, and had it broken. The other was but slightly injured. As is usual on such occasions, they shook hands (doubtless they had been shaking all the time) and then parted warm friends and well satisfied. It was a glorious affair.

Mr. J. Inglorious, rather. It is a matter of unbounded astonishment to me that such diabolical and heaven-defying transactions can be tolerated in this country. It is a burning shame.

Mr. S. What, Mr. Jones! you really surprise me. These men are both highly esteemed for their talents and lofty feelings, and are distinguished politicians.

Mr. J. So much the worse. I maintain that such men should be driven from society. I hope Editors will apply the lash un-pairingly, and that Messrs. Wise and Coke will have to run the gauntlet from Maine to Georgia. *Murderer! murderer!* should be indelibly branded upon their foreheads, and they should be compelled to remain through life within the narrow range of their own insignificance.

Mr. S. You are too bad, Mr. Jones; I cannot remain to hear men thus abused. Good morning.

**DEATHS IN BOSTON DURING THE YEAR 1834.**  
From the bill of mortality taken from the records kept at the health office, we learn that there were in this city, during the year 1834, fifteen hundred and fifty-four deaths. They occurred in the following order:—

January,	148	July,	112
February,	115	August,	104
March,	115	September,	169
April,	116	October,	160
May,	106	November,	142
June,	102	December,	143

Consumption has caused the greatest number of deaths. After excepting the still born, infantile diseases, old age, unknown diseases, and intemperance, of which there are 409, the disease which has occasioned the death of the next highest number is lung fever, and next typhus fever. The following is the number of deaths occasioned by the different diseases:—

Consumption,	246	Scarlet Fever,	28
Lung Fever,	63	Dropsy,	27
Typhus Fever,	54	Drowned,	20
Dropsy of the Brain,	53	Cholera Infantum,	25
Convulsions,	47	Disease of the Heart,	20
Croup,	43	Cancer,	20
Dysentery,	40	Erysipelas,	12
Inflammation of the Pleura,	38	Plumage,	11
Poison,	38	Suicide,	11
Hooping Cough,	38	Throat Disemper,	10
Teething,	36		

The remaining deaths have been occasioned by all the ordinary diseases that are common to our country. The ages of the deceased have been as follows:—

Under one year,	306	From 40 to 50 years,	109
From 1 to 2 years,	151	50 to 60	83
2 to 5	60	60 to 70	65
5 to 10	49	70 to 80	48
10 to 20	89	80 to 90	22
20 to 30	202	90 to 100	5
30 to 40	197		

We see that between the ages of twenty and thirty the most die. How solemn the admonition then, young man and young woman, be ye also ready, for this year thou shalt die.—S.

### AFFECTING, BUT REAL.

—about two years since, resided in this city. He possessed, as was generally acknowledged by all who knew him, superior mental endowments, a just discrimination, a brilliant fancy, and much general knowledge.—For a while he was Editor of a respectable periodical. He had withal a pleasant wife, and, we believe, one or two children.

But in the midst of prosperity, he became acquainted with, and enticed away from virtue by licentious companions. He began to drink ardent spirits freely. From that period his downfall was rapid. Instead of attending to his business, he was seen in the grog-shop, or engaged in a riot, or lounging among the operators at the Police Court. By and by, he abandoned his family altogether, and they were thrown helpless upon the benevolence of their friends. This was too much. His wife had been stricken in a tender spot—her affections. Her heart was broken. She sickened and died.

He had occasional compunctions of conscience, which would drive him to the verge of madness! At one of those periods he wrote the following touching epistle to his deserted wife.

WIFE.—I was tempted to prefer the title dear, did I not think it almost profane. Can you, will you forgive me, and forget the past? The horrors of solitary reflection have brought to my view the cruel treatment I have suffered. I cannot rest. Conscience will not suffer me to see you, until you have pronounced my pardon. Oh God, but no matter, I need not call on him. There is hell enough in my bosom now, without invoking more. May—will you forgive me, and bid me once more live? But nevermore be happy? Once more contented? Once more myself? I am now resolved to try decision of character—to acquire new strength from adversity. My mind is not to be subdued by the vicissitudes of life, though its feelings have been wounded by the ungenerous persecution of the world; yes, by the ungenerous persecution of those who should have tried to heal the wound already made, and not cast false insinuations bitter enough to drive me still further into the vortex of ruin and wretchedness. But enough. Can you forgive me? Can Mary forgive me? If not, I have the remedy. I cannot, I will not live to hear the stigma of an unnatural monster. I can write no more. I know not how to subscribe myself. There was a time—

Your wicked, wretched, conscience-stricken, but not altogether abandoned husband.

Since the decease of his wife, we have evidence that he has thoroughly reformed. He is now fast resuming his standing in society, and is quite popular in the place where he resides, as a lecturer on temperance. The following letter written to a friend in Byron, some months since, will explain his own feelings.

DEAR SIR.—I have taken my pen, and yet scarcely know how to address you. When memory ever full of the trust committed to her care, looks back to the last few months of my existence, I appear so unworthy of the notice of any human being, and so piteously of the one who have been my nearest friends, that I almost resolved to live an exile, and not let human sympathy or cheerfulness greet my ear. But I cannot resist the anxiety I have to learn what has become of the people which a murdered wife has left me; and where that female who sacrificed almost her health to soothe her dead sister. Five weeks this I first entered it's village. Before I left the city, I endeavored to find them, but was told I could not see them. My resolution was taken, and I resolved to live from those associates I had formed, as the only sure method of my recovery; and when I think I have more courage enough to withstand the temptation, I shall return.

I cannot look back with composure upon the last months

of my wife's existence. There is a worm gnawing at my heart. She lived upon charity, and was buried by the means of benevolence. (I pray God it may soon be in my power to return the oblation,) while I—while I cannot name it. It is too hard, and makes me appear a monster. Oh! my God! when I think of it, it stings me to the quick. Nothing but the fear of a final retribution, and the hope that I may live for repentance, keeps me lingering this side of eternity, and prevents me from filling the suicide's grave. My life is embittered—my conduct, my barbarous treatment of her pure and almost adoring affections toward me, fill me with such contempt and indignation of myself, as nearly drive me to flight to a better world, or bidding adieu to this life. 'Tis well that I should suffer. And were my life to be lengthened twice its natural length, the justice of the punishment I should not dare to call in question. I was the barbarian who received her to the place of my life, and my partner till death. She left her father's shelter and her mother's love, and trusted herself to mine. For the confidence she reposed in my faith, I showed her less; and wantonly grieved that bosom that had no other receptacle for its sorrows but mine. I reaped the flower that pleased me, and which I called heaven and earth to witness that I would adore and cherish in my own garden. Did I look on unconcernedly and see it wither there? No. I let it drop and die disregarded and alone, without the consolation of witnessing my pure spirit take its flight to a better world, or bidding adieu to a long farewell to the heart-broken mother. I have shed tears since over her coffin; but what do these avail? The light of her deceasing corpse has, I trust, reformed me; I can weep—I do weep now. She is always before me; but

"Tears cannot bring her back."  
Chaps, an her cold and clammy bed,  
Remorseless Death will hold the dead,  
Though tears of blood the mourner shed,  
Drawn by woe's agonizing rack,  
Tears cannot bring her back."

Reader!—this is no fiction. Every sentence is true.—It exhibited the deplorable result of intemperance. But does all the blame rest upon —? No. The Run-seller must bear a heavy share.

**THE FAMILY MINSTREL.**—We observed a few months since, that a publication with this title was in contemplation. The first number has just reached us, and we are pleased with its contents. The work is to be published semi-monthly, and is to be devoted to the interests of Musical Education, Sacred Music, and to the promotion of a more general attention to music, disconnected with the light and trifling amusements of the day. We have not room to give the general contents of the work, but they are to be abundant in variety, and rich in their character. New and Original Music is to be inserted, furnished by distinguished composers, and harmonized for two or more voices; also arranged for the Organ, Piano-forte, and adapted (with appropriate words) to the Parlor, the School-room and Church. Edited by Mr. Charles Dingley. Published at N. Y. city. Terms two dollars in advance. Agents in Boston, Light and Horton, No. 1 Cornhill.—a.

**ARE UNIVERSALISTS INFIDELS?**  
We published an article in the Herald of the 21st ult., with this title, and quoted an extract from the Christian Register, prepared by some remarks delivered by Mr. A. Knapp. This last is a long article, and we cannot make the full declaration, in a communication to the Editor of the Register. He says—

The next I shall notice is the following, where the writer says:—"Mr. Knapp" remarked that his views had not changed—since the year 1816." This is a gross misrepresentation, amounting to a falsehood. I recollect the circumstance well. I was speaking of the sovereignty of God, or what I call the doctrine of philosophy in a city; and it was in this respect, and in this respect only, that I said my views had not changed for a long time. But in other respects, it is very well known, they have materially changed.

We publish this as a matter of justice, but would say that our opinion, originally expressed, is not changed.

**MR. GEORGE THOMPSON.**—It may not be generally known to our readers, that this gentleman arrived in this country from England, a few months since, for the purpose of aiding the cause of Emancipation. He is depicted by an Anti-Slavery Society in England, composed of the most influential and respectable gentlemen of all religious denominations. Respecting the merits of this cause, we shall say nothing in this paragraph, but we feel ourselves bound in common justice to say, that Mr. Thompson is a gentleman, a scholar, a philanthropist, and a devoted Christian.

It gives us pleasure also to add, that he was the personal and valued friend of the late lamented Rev. Richard Watson. Let his sentiments on the subject of Slavery be what they may, might not such a man to be treated with common civility and courtesy? Does it reflect any honor upon us as Americans, as Christians, to condemn such a man unheard? To asperse his character? To impugn his motives, and misrepresent his measures? We will only add, that Mr. Thompson needs but to be known, to insure the respect and love of even those who have criminalized and abused him.—a.

[From the Catholic Sentinel.]  
**GLARING FALSEHOOD EXPOSED!!**  
The Zion's Herald.—We promised our readers, that we would not war with the literary little insects that buzz, but never bite, in the Zion's Herald and the Evening Waig; we were actuated in our intention with the mercy of Tristram Shandy, who on catching a fly, that annoyed him, flung it out of the window saying, "I will not kill you, the world is large enough for us both." But the editors of the Zion's Herald, finding that their talents, exercised under the control of truth and decency, could have never made themselves the focus of public attention, resorted to the culpable expedient of the criminal wight who fired the Ephesian slave to acquire a discreditable notoriety. But let us give the vile and ill-written fictions of the Zion's Herald; for the introduction of which we have to apologize to our readers; but the sacred cause of truth requires that we should not be silent.

Now the real facts, on which the inventive editors of the Zion's Herald raised such a clumsy fabric of falsehoods, are these. The father of the rebellious, and we believe we may add, incorrigible boy, yept by the moral and literary Lilliputians of the Herald, interesting, amiable, and intelligent, did certainly call upon the Rev. MICHAEL HEALY, of this city, to request that he would be so good as to call at his residence, to admonish and caution his son against bribes and seductive promises of fanatics, who iniquitously sought to alienate him from the Roman Catholic Church. The parent further asserted, that the boy had lately become very disobedient and refractory, in consequence of the vituperative principles of religious fanaticism having been instilled into his youthful mind, by the hypocritical and ignorant imps of heretical Methodism.

On Mr. H. learning from the father that the boy had arrived at the age of eighteen years, he observed to him, "that a boy of eighteen should have both sense and discretion—and that if he would not listen to the advice of his parents, he feared the interference of a clergyman could be productive of no salutary effect." The anxious father returned home, but to his sorrow he found his boy lost to all filial deference, as the fanatics had completely fettered his mind and his religious prepossessions, in the corroding chains of puritanism. In a few days after, the father, accidentally met Mr. Healy in Mr. P. Mooney's Book-store, where he again expressed his wish that Mr. H. would endeavor to rescue his child from the fangs of fanaticism. Mr. Mooney can testify on the Evangelist that on this occasion, the Rev. Mr. Healy, instead of urging the father to resort to harsh treatment, in order to subdue the erring predilections of the boy, he adjured him, emphatically, to have recourse to expostulation and admonition, as the most likely means of retrieving his mind from the grasp of an irreligious doctrine. The story of the Priest's going to the

house of the father and designing the boy a wretch, and denouncing him for reading the Bible, as well as the miserable and puerile epistles of the superstitious old woman, are the sedulous, sheer, and silly inventions of the venetian scribbler who penned the slanderous and contemptible article in the Herald. We have no doubt but that the alleged cruelty of the father and the captivity of his hopeful son "in the upper chamber," are vile stories equally destitute of truth, as the calumnious imputations on the priest;—for to expect candor, honor, or decorum to pervade the columns of the Herald, would be to expect, that poisoned reptiles could deal balm and honey, as they crawl over the verdure which they blast and smear with their malignant mucus.

The above chaotic composition is a reply to the article in our last, under the caption—"Popery in Boston." All the answer we make, is to publish the following affidavit and certificates.

I, the subscriber, being the person referred to in the article with the caption—"Popery in Boston—a Fact," published in Zion's Herald of the 28th inst., hereby certify, that the whole of that statement is correct; and that, when I returned to my father's house, I was introduced by my parents, to a gentleman as a Priest, by the name of TYLER. My father also stated to me, that Bishop Fenwick had given his permission to any course which he might choose to pursue. PATRICK RYAN. Boston, Jan. 31, 1835.

SUFFOLK SS., JAN. 31, 1835.—Then the above named Patrick Ryan appeared and made oath that the above affidavit by him subscribed is true, before me. BRADFORD SUMNER, Justice of the Peace.

The following certificates prove that the boy's veracity is undoubted, and that he does not possess an "incorrigible" disposition.

To the Editor of the Zion's Herald.  
Having seen in the Catholic Sentinel imputations and statements which we know to be incorrect, under the caption of "Glaring Falsehood Exposed," we think the cause of truth requires us to make public the facts of the case, as far as we know them.

The Editor of the Sentinel speaks of "fanatics who iniquitously sought to alienate him [Patrick Ryan] from the Roman Catholic Church," of "vituperative principles of religious fanaticism having been instilled into his youthful mind," &c. If "fanatics" the editor means Protestants, (which appear to be synonymous terms with him,) the imputation is wholly without foundation. The young man has embraced those doctrines which his conscience alone has dictated, influenced solely by the perusal of the Scriptures. Without granting that it would be criminal to employ our influence in the inculcation of correct principles, still we can unhesitatingly assert, that no means have been employed of proselytism; but, on the contrary, we have sedulously avoided every thing of the kind, only pointing him to the Volume of truth, to investigate for himself; and we have been assured that this course has been uniformly pursued by those with whom he has formerly resided.

It will be seen that the principal evidence of the truth of the statements made in the Herald of Jan. 21 (which the editor of the Sentinel has very courteously pronounced a fabrication,) rests on the authority of the young man, whom he has asserted to be "rebellious, incorrigible, lost to all filial deference," &c. Now every one who is acquainted with him, knows that he is the reverse of his father's description. And as to his character for veracity, having had daily intercourse with him for some months past, we cheerfully subscribe to the annexed certificate.

The public, therefore, are left to determine whether the truth is on the side of the Volume of truth, or the perceptive of the Herald. It may be well to state, that the father, when he came to demand his son, appeared to be entirely indifferent about his religious opinions, but said, in our presence, that he wanted his services at home, and that he should not oppose him in matters of religion, and would permit him to attend what church he thought proper. When he arrived at home, the young man says he received the treatment described in the Herald for being "rebellious," when standing under the lash of religious persecution. We have no comments;—let stubborn facts speak for themselves.

MR. HEALY, JOHN BREWSTER, HENRY B. BREWSTER, JAMES A. FOSTER. Boston, Jan. 31, 1835.

This certifies that Patrick Ryan (the young man referred to in the Catholic Sentinel of the 31st inst.) has lived in my family seven months, and that during that time he manifested much respect and regard for his parents. His conduct was uniformly good, and he has invariably sustained the character of strict veracity. I would also state that no influence whatever has been exerted by me or my family, to induce him to leave the Roman Catholic faith. E. JACOBS. Boston, Jan. 31, 1835.

I hereby further certify, that when the father of Patrick Ryan came to take his son away from the printing office, I charged him with acting a double part, and told him that he was used by the Bishop and his Priests as their tool; because the father expressly said that he was perfectly willing his son should attend church wherever he pleased, and that he did not wish to have him attend the Catholic church. I also informed the father, that if he abused or ill-treated the boy, the fact should be made public; and from that management and double dealing of the father, I have no doubt all the boys say is strictly true.

I also affirm that the father said—"I know he is a dutiful and obedient child; no one ever had occasion to say aught against him." This was spoken when the boy's good character was attested to, as a reason why he should continue at the printing business. This can be proved by several witnesses who were present and heard the conversation. H. B. BREWSTER. Boston, Jan. 31, 1835.

**FEDERAL STREET THEATRE.**—This place, in which the germs of more iniquity have been planted within a few years than any other public building in the city, is, we trust, soon to be purified. The Boston Academy of Music are endeavoring to secure it for concerts, lectures, &c.—It is expected that they will succeed. We predicted a few months since that this Temple would yet be changed to one of prayer. It is likely soon to be accomplished.

The wealth that is obtained by leasing public buildings for licentiousness of any kind is "ungodly" gain, which will ultimately gnaw the conscience like a never-dying worm.

**YOUTH'S BOOK ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.** By J. L. COMSTOCK, M. D. Boston: Published by Wm. Pierce, 9, Cornhill. The design of this little book is, to afford a facility to the introduction of Natural Philosophy into common schools. The subject is treated in language simple and attractive, and illustrated by numerous diagrams.—a.

**MORE GEMS FROM THE LANDMARK.**  
We mentioned a few weeks since, that a correspondent of this truth-loving hebdomad had attempted to show the difference between Congregationalism and Methodism. After his first discharge he remained for some weeks hid in the smoke he had raised. We inquired for his safety, and are happy to learn he is yet alive—and so are we, despite his efforts.

The third number of the series lies before us. Some of its beauties we will present to our readers, merely premising that the writer must have gained his knowledge of Methodism at the same school with the Reverend Editor of the Landmark.

1. In 1831, the Methodist Book Concern alone was estimated at between six and seven hundred thousand dollars. Then they have a chartered fleet, etc. etc. of considerable amount, besides the funds owned by the several annual conferences separately.

That's right, whispers Mr. Editor in his ear; tell them the hierarchy "has an increasing fund of over a million dollars." If they deny it, and demand proof, then do as I did—instruct that you only asserted it was so "conjectured." There's nothing easier.

2. But there is a peculiarity in relation to Methodist funds which ought to be distinctly noticed: viz. it makes the ministers in some measure INDEPENDENT of their flocks for a support.

3. Perhaps it ought also to be borne in mind, that the Methodist people have no voice in selecting their pastors; but when the bishop's man comes, the choice is "that or none."

4. Subordinate to the "book agent" are more than two thousand travelling preachers, each of whom is by the statutes of the church made an agent for this concern.

I told them, intimates Mr. Phelps, that they were subordinate to the Bishop; but then you know our readers love variety.

5. Congregationalist ministers usually write part or all of their sermons. Methodists write only a hasty outline, and even that must not be seen in the pulpit.

6. The Methodist local preachers (i. e. preachers who are not pastors, nor under the immediate direction of the bishop) outnumber the travelling ministers, and are objects of perpetual jealousy. From their independence of the bishop, they are supposed to have views, interests, and feelings, approaching more or less to Congregationalism; hence a systematic policy is adopted to abridge this influence.

Now, gentle reader, does not the writer of the above well in signing his name "OBSERVER"? It will be perceived by members of the Methodist Church how much more he knows of our Economy than they do. He is even wiser than the Discipline.

**FROM OUR SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT.**  
SAVANNAH, GEO., JAN. 12, 1835.  
DEAR BROTHER.—We arrived in this city on the 7th inst. after a rough but quick passage of four days from New York in the packet ship Belle.

As a stranger approaches the town, in coming up the Savannah river, he would receive an unfavorable impression of the place, especially at this season of the year.—The banks and marshes on either hand for some distance back are covered with dry cane-breaks, with here and there clusters of inferior buildings, occupied by the slaves on the rice plantations, which present rather an uninviting appearance.

Savannah is handsomely laid out in the form of a parallelogram, and the whole city beautifully situated with trees called here the "Pride of India," which in summer when in full bloom present a most delightful appearance. In the centre of one of the principal streets is a small one mile in length, shaded on either side by the aforementioned trees. The buildings are mostly of wood, and many of them of a moderate size, which with the action of the atmosphere upon them gives them rather a somber appearance. The town has not yet recovered from the destructive fire of 1829, in which far the best part of the city was destroyed; 460 dwelling houses having been consumed, with most of the mercantile houses in the place, besides all of the out buildings connected with them. It will be many years before it fully recovers from that calamity. The public buildings are of a common order with the exception of the Presbyterian Church, a spacious granite edifice, and the Court House, which is a neat brick building with marble interior.

There are many interesting recollections that gather about the past history of this town. Here the apostle WESLEY proclaimed the gospel, and here the enemies of God conspired to ruin him, as you will recollect in the notorious case of Miss Wilkinson. Here also the patriotic GREENE and PULASKI fell, in defence of our country's rights, to whose memory a joint monument of plain white marble has been erected in a pleasant square near the centre of the city, now called "Monument Square."

Hospitality is a proverbial trait in the Southern character, and I assure you they earn well their reputation. We were very kindly received by Dr. CAPERS, having charge of this station, from whom, as also from others, we received many of those kindnesses which are so very grateful to the feelings of a stranger.

The Georgia Annual Conference commenced its session on the day of our arrival; bishop Andrew presiding. Owing to its meeting on one of their extreme limits, but about half of their number were present. The business of the Conference was conducted with general harmony and Christian feeling. Eighteen young men were admitted, and three were re-admitted. Nine have located and



when the bishop's man comes, the choice is "that or  
subordinate to the book agent" are more than  
around travelling preachers, each of whom is by the  
of the church made an agent for this concern.

id them, intimates Mr. Phelps, that they were  
to the Bishop; but then you know our readers  
variety.

Congregationalists ministers usually write part or all  
sermons. Methodists write only a full outline,  
even that must not be seen in the pulpit.

The Methodist local preachers (i. e. preachers who  
pastors, nor under the immediate direction of the  
outnumber the travelling ministers, and are objects  
petual jealousy. From their independence of the  
y, they are supposed to have views, interests, and  
gs, approaching more or less to Congregationalism;  
a systematic policy is adopted to abridge this influ-

ROM OUR SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT.

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three were re-admitted. Nine have located and three

died the past year. The labors of the preachers are

uous, and in the low lands especially hazardous. Some

their most valuable members are compelled almost eve-

ry to leave the itinerant work—either removed by

age, or obliged to retire in many cases with constitutions

aken down in the service of the church. These men

erve better at the hand of the church than they receive;

ver far more liberal provisions are made for them in

states than with us in New England. This confer-

ence embraces a respectable body of talent in which are

the young men of promise. There is comparatively little

erest felt here in our foreign missions. But I am hap-

py to know, and it gives me pleasure to say, that the mi-

nistry especially, and many of our church in this vicinity,

truly awake to the best interests of the slave popula-

tion within their boundaries. In my next I will give you

facts relative to their benevolent and successful labors

in this interesting particular.

Yours truly,

INDEFINITE leads to murder. This is proved from the

fact that murder has been practised unnoticed, and even

acted by law, in infidel countries. If the young men

and women who are so devoted to the cause of Abner

need really understood the political as well as social

dependencies of his ruinous creed, they would abandon him

at his principles at once. Infidelity always has been the

me, is now, and always will be. To prove that it sanc-

tioned murder, we shall give a few instances of parental

power, sufficient to show the principles that governed the

infernal world. In Mrs. Hale's magazine may be

found a more minute detail of ancient practices. In the

oman code, entitled the "Laws of the Twelve Tables,"

are two laws which read thus:—

"Law 1. Let a father have the power of life and death

over his legitimate children, and let him sell them when

pleases.

"Law 3. If a father have a child born which is mon-

strously formed, let him kill him immediately. If he had

parents did not want their children, or if they had

more than they wanted, they were at liberty to kill them, all

to select such as they chose and kill them. These horrid

religions were carried to such an extent, that a celebrated

istorian very justly observes, "The Roman empire was

ained with the blood of infants."

This power did not cease when the child became twen-

-one, but remained in all its force till the father died.

to matter how debased the father, or how exalted the

son, parental power was the same. The father might be

miserable vagabond, and his son might be a general

leader in his country's cause—he might have a family de-

pendent on him for support—yet the degraded father had

over at any time to kill him! This was the practice of

the country, deliberately ordered in the councils of govern-

ment.

ACCEPTANCE WITH GOD.

A great trouble with some Christians is, that they fre-

quently condemn themselves when God does not condemn

them. When does God condemn us, and when does he

not? To this question a very simple answer can be given.

faithfulness up to the present moment has nothing to do  
with the decision of the divine mind respecting us. Nei-  
ther has our present animation or dulness—even though  
our dulness may have been occasioned by unfaithfulness.  
Christian, can you say—"It is my sincere desire to serve  
God in all things—I wish to have and to exercise power  
to do every known duty, and refrain from every known  
sin."—Can you say this? If you can you are accepted of  
God. And this is what you feel languid or energetic,  
powerless or strong in the Lord; whether you have  
been diligent in the service of God, or have neglected your  
duty again and again; or, in short, whatever may have  
been your state, or whatever it may now be in all other  
respects except this desire and purpose to serve God. And  
remember, this purpose does not imply a conscious power  
to perform all the duties which may devolve upon you.  
You have power to do what is now your duty, for this  
simple reason; God does not require of you any more than  
you can do—and when the next moment comes you can  
do your duty for the same reason. Go on guarding your  
heart against wishes to avoid duty and the indulgence of  
sinful desires, and believing yourself accepted of God, tak-  
ing now for your motto, and you will be more happy  
and love God more and serve him better than ever before.

—N.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"THE VOICE OF GOD."

Through all the blooming bowers of earth,—

From radiant flower, and verdant sod,—

From ocean, mountain, hill and dale,

Falls on our ears the voice of God.

The whirlwind's blast,

And death's dark hour

Are but the "hidings of his power."

From ocean's wave, with foaming crest,

Which beats with furious lash the shore,

To e'en the pearl upon her breast,

We catch that voice, the voice of God.

And ocean's wrecks,—

Her bridal dower,—

Are but the "hidings of his power."

The sullen roar the earthquake sends,

Which fills the trembling world with dread,

Is but the voice Jehovah lends,—

The fearful mandate he hath said.

The lightning's flash,

And clouds which lower,

Are but the "hidings of his power."

But feeble, fainting, dying man,

Would cease to shake with fear and dread,

Would he with wisdom's visions scan,

The open book before him laid.

And he would smile,

In death's dark hour,

To see the grandeur of his power.

Jan. 15, 1835.

PAINE'S BIRTH DAY!—GLORIOUS CELEBRA-

TION!

The last Investigator contains an account of the celebra-

tion of the notorious and profligate Paine's birth day,

by the infidel club in this city. But who was Paine?—An

INFIDEL. What was he?—A DRUNKARD. How did

he die?—Like a BEAST. The following toast was drank.

Thomas Paine.—The acknowledged champion of the

"Rights of Man" and "Common Sense." The Giant of

American Freedom; though dead, he yet liveth in the

hearts of all true Americans, and in ages to come will be

immortalized while millions of his priestly enemies will

sleep in forgetfulness.

The person who proposed this toast might have delivered

such speech as the following:

MR. PRESIDENT—It may appear necessary upon offering

this toast to mention some particulars in which the no-

ble Paine practised the generous principles which he in-

culated.

1. He believed in an equal division of property—and

was consequently charged upon very good grounds, by

Mr. Carver, with stealing from him.

2. He believed that a form of marriage was invalid—

consequently when he returned from France he left his

own family there, and brought over a woman by the name

of Palmer.

3. He had an entire disregard for the foolish notions of

decency held by a priest-ridden public. Mr. Carver in a

letter written to him says,

A respectable gentleman, from New Rochelle, called

to see me a few days past, and said that every body

was tired of you there, and no one would undertake

to board and lodge you. I thought this was the case

as I found you at a tavern in a most miserable situa-

tion. You appeared as if you had not been shaved for

a fortnight, and as to a shirt, it could not be said that

you had one on; it was only the remains of one, and

this likewise appeared not to have been off your back

for a fortnight, and was nearly the color of tanned

leather; and you had the most disagreeable smell pos-

sible, just like that of our poor beggars in England.—

Do you not recollect the pains I took to clean you?

That I got a tub of warm water and soap, and wash-

ed you from head to foot, and that I had to do three

times, before I could get you clean. I likewise

shaved you and cut your nails, that were like birds'

claws. I remember a remark that I made to you at

that time, which was, that you put me in mind of

Nebuchadnezzar, who is said to have been in this sit-

uation. Many of your toe-nails exceeded half an inch

in length, and others had grown round your toes, and

nearly as far under as they extended on the top.—

Have you forgotten the pains I took with you when

you lay sick, wallowing in your own filth? I remem-

ber that I got Mr. Hooton (a friend of mine, and

whom I believe to be one of the best hearted men in

the world) to assist me in removing and cleaning you.

He told me he wondered how I could do it; for his

part he would not like to do the same again for ten

dollars.

He was also a notorious drunkard, and if he were alive

now would have no more connection with temperance

societies than we have. Many times has he laid wallowing

whole days intoxicated on the floor, filthy and debased.

4. He believed in no hereafter—and consequently died

like a brute. To be sure he cried in his last hours—

"Lord, help! Lord, help! Lord, help! Lord Jesus, help!"

—but he meant nothing by it.

This Mr. President was Thomas Paine whose birth

we commemorate. He, sir, broke the shackles of priest-

craft and antiquated custom. And it affords me pleasure

to see so noble a society of Infidels here who are willing

to burst the fetters of eighteen centuries, and walk in his

footsteps.

PHRENOLOGY.

NO. IV.

SENTIMENTS.

10. *Cautiousness.* This faculty in due quantity pro-

duces prudence; in large proportion, however, it occa-

sions doubt, anxiety, and irresolution. "Its deficiency

disposes to levity and carelessness of behaviour, and

other faculties not being restrained by its presence, ac-

cording to their own nature and strength, without any

check of reserve or timidity to obscure their functions."

It is more active in women and females than in men.

11. *Love of approbation.* This feeling makes us at-

tentive to the opinion entertained of us by others. It

seeks approbation in different ways, according to the in-

fluence of the other faculties. It is called ambition if the

object by which it seeks to be satisfied is important, and

vanity if its endeavors at distinction be made through li-

—N.

\*These numbers are those marked on the phrenological busts.

le things, as dress, &c. Its deficiency makes us indiffer-

ent to the opinion of others.

12. *Self-esteem.* The name usually given to the abuse

of this faculty is pride, or a high opinion of ourselves.

"Combined with superior sentiments and intellect it con-

tributes to true dignity and greatness of mind." Its great

activity gives arrogance and self-conceit.

13. *Benevolence.* This feeling differs widely, both

among children and adults. Some think of themselves

alone; others devote their lives to the relief of the poor



**NOTES TO THE READERS.**

1. The *Harvard* is published twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday, if paid within two weeks from the date of subscription. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.00 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

2. All subscribers discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.

3. All the travelling preachers in the New-England, Maine, or New-South Wales, &c. are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to *DEAR KINGSBURY, JR.* post paid.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matter involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of subscribers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the place to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misundersand-